

I hope...

by Livi R, Y12

There were wood pigeons that sang outside my window every summer as the sun awoke, banishing the darkness so the shy blush of mourning could spread and then uncloak the dawn. Their melody is one I hear as the soundtrack to my childhood bliss and carefree times of watching birds appear from the veil of woven blossom. Now this is what I miss when I return; the birds no longer sing for they have flown away to Lands of wildlife and foreign words that speak of mother nature. Still I pray. I hope one day the songbirds will return but from the sound of silence I must learn.